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All local notices 10 cents a line for each insertion.
No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

BRIEFS.

—The number of deaths in New York in 1878 was 27,095; births, 25,729; marriages, 7,629.
—A sapphire weighing two pounds, and valued at \$50,000, was recently found in Ceylon by two boys.
—A colossal flower, called the Titanum thirty-three inches in diameter, has been discovered in Sumatra.
—The Cincinnati gas companies offer to supply the city with gas at \$1.50, if it will agree to use the gas for ten years.
—A San Francisco paper estimates that from 50,000 to 100,000 boxes of raisins were put up in California last year.
—Switzerland, which formerly sent \$4,000,000 worth of silk ribbon to this country, now sends but \$1,000,000 worth.
—The sum of \$3,180.58 has been subscribed for the family of J. M. Barron, the murdered Dexter (Maine) bank cashier.
—From the debris of their coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons.
—Railroad building is on the decrease in the New England States. Last year 41 miles were built, against 119 in 1877, and 50 in 1876.
—Calvin T. Fillmore, a brother of the late President of the United States, died a few days ago at An Arbor, Mich., at the age of sixty-nine.
—The population of London has doubled in the last forty-seven years, but the number of arrests by the police is only increased seven per centum.
—The Memphis Appeal notes that while there are 30,000 acres of land in Tennessee unoccupied and uncultivated, strong men are begging from house to house in that city for employment.
—The Australian International Exhibition will open at Sydney, August 1st. One acre of space has been assigned to the United States and Canada, and more will be allotted if required.
—M. Friedrich Luther, a theological student at Strasburg University, is a distant kinsman of the great Reformer. He comes in a direct line from Heinz Luther, uncle of Martin Luther.
—The people of Erie county, Pa., it is said, intend to apply to the Legislature for an appropriation with which to erect a suitable shaft to mark the burial place of General Anthony Wayne.
—The latest statistics of the Registrar-General in England prove that there are in that country nearly a million more females than males. Up to the age of 16, years the difference in the number of the two sexes is not marked.
—The Pope has sent ten Jesuits to Central Africa to evangelize the countries traversed by Stanley and Livingstone. The mission will cost \$40,000, and the missionaries will take with them 500 porters, servants, &c., who will be unarmed.
—Mrs. John Murray, a widow residing at Cousset, near Glasgow, entertained at dinner on Christmas Day her fifteen children, forty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. All fifty-seven reside within a radius of a mile of her dwelling.
—The annual report of the Boston Fish Bureau shows that during the year 1878 there were received in Boston 143,068 barrels of mackerel, 65,110 barrels of herring, 356,223 barrels of smoked herring, 174,285 quintals of cod and 22,024 quintals of skate.
—The Federal Assembly of Switzerland has decided to postpone to a further discussion of the proposed re-enactment of capital punishment until March next. Meanwhile, the Federal Council will prepare an exhaustive report on the subject.
—A young lady at a hotel in St. Louis went in search of the bathroom, and groping along a dark passage opened the door of the elevator aperture and fell down the space, seriously injuring herself. Judge Boyle, of the Circuit Court, dismissed her suit for damages, holding that a guest in a hotel is not expected to wander around dark passages and go into the first open door she sees without having any knowledge of what the place may be.
—Since its foundation the British National Lifeboat Institution has contributed to the saving of 26,054 shipwrecked persons, for which service it has granted 980 gold and silver medals and pecuniary awards to the amount of \$28,250. Last year its lifeboats saved 471 lives, and put seventeen vessels out of danger, and rewards were paid for the saving of 145 persons by fishers and watermen. Though 12,000 men put out in the society's 269 life-boats last year, not a life was lost.
—What is claimed to be the largest and oldest apple tree in New Hampshire has just been cut down. Its age is stated at 300 years. It measured at ground 11 feet 8 inches in circumference. Four feet from the ground it measured 17 feet 3 inches in circumference. It was 50 feet high. It had seven large branches, the largest being over 6 feet in circumference, and a smaller one over 3 feet. About forty years ago it bore fifty bushels of apples in one season and until the present year it has borne fruit annually.
—The British naval authorities have been making experiments for some time, with the view of testing the power of resistance to heavy shells of coals in the bunkers of men-of-war. The latest tests at Portsmouth seem to indicate that loose coal is the most effective means of protection yet discovered, and in the case of light, unarmored or only partly armored vessels, the bunkers are built around the machinery. In the case of the Oberon it was proved by actual experiment that a shell from a 54-pounder, at two hundred yards, could neither penetrate the coal nor set it on fire.
—A statistical review of the battles fought by Austrian troops since 1495 has recently been issued by the military authorities, which shows that in that period the aggregate losses in killed and wounded have amounted to 1,032,931, including 261 generals and 17,096 officers, while the prisoners taken by the enemy were 56 generals, 4174 other officers, and 289,041 non-commissioned officers and men. As to trophies, captures the account stands: Guns taken, 4101; lost, 1804; colors and standards taken, 2033; lost, 909; horses captured, 13,861; lost, 120,227; wagons captured, 11,833; lost, 3910.

ALL Night in a Vault.

Not long ago the widow of a gentleman who had recently died at Toledo, Ohio, desired the vault wherein the remains had been temporarily placed to be watched, so that body-snatchers could have no opportunity to ply their nefarious calling. Thinking that the vault would be watched better by the sexton than any one else, Mr. Rathbone was hired to keep a close lookout. At dark he took a lantern and blanket and made up a bed in front of the vault, so that any one approaching it would have to step over his body. But after lying there some time it grew quite cold, and he thought he could watch the corpse just as well if he went inside the vault out of the cold. So he unlocked the vault and went in, but found that he could not lock the vault from the inside. That would never do, and yet he was determined not to stay outside. Finally he went back to the house and aroused his hired man, and the two went back to the vault. Mr. Rathbone took his lantern and blanket and went inside, made a bed on the floor, and laid down for the night, having for companions to while away the tedious hours, six corpses. The attendant locked the door from the outside, and went back to the house and his warm bed, leaving the sexton alone in the vault with his silent companions. There was nothing to disturb his tranquility during the early part of the night. Every thing was quiet and still until about one o'clock, and then there was a gentle noise, as though some one was tampering with the vault lock. Mr. Rathbone took up his lantern and the noise stopped for a few moments, only to begin again when he had laid down on his blanket. This time it appeared to be in an opposite corner of the vault. He could see nothing, and could only hear that steady scratch, scratch, which became more and more distinct every instant. Mr. Rathbone is a brave man, but he confesses that when one is locked in a vault with six dead men, with no living soul within half a mile, and at an unearthly hour to have such an unexplainable noise as that, was more than men with ordinary nerves could stand. At any rate his hair began to rise, and just as he was thinking of the best way to defend himself against his spiritual foes, a little chipmunk dashed from a dark corner, ran past him and darted out between the bars in the vault door. From that time on, nothing occurred to mar his quiet watch, but in the morning he was rather glad to be released from his dull quarters.

The Last of the Mohicans.
Boys who have been fascinated by Cooper's novel of "The Last of the Mohicans," will be glad to know that Chingach-gook was a real personage. Under the name of Wasa-maph he was known, about one hundred and fifty years ago, to all the tribes on the Lenapi, as their fiercest and most powerful leader. His fate was, however, very different from that which the novelist assigned him. He was the first Indian met in the wilderness by Ranch the Moravian missionary, and was converted by him and baptized Job, or Tachooop, as the Moravians pronounced it. Job was for a while subject to backsliding both into fighting and drunkenness. One story told of him is that, being in Philadelphia, one of Penna's brethren found him sitting in the gutter on High street very drunk indeed. "How's this Tachooop?" he said, "I heard thee had joined the Moravian brethren!" Tachooop gave a knowing wink "So good. When me in Bethlehem me brother to Moravians, when me here, me brother to Quakers;" a reply of which we will understand the point when we remember that the early Friends were as heavy drinkers as feeders. Tachooop, however, afterward became a sincere Christian, and was then as zealous and determined a leader for his people in religion as he had been on the war-path. He traveled among the Lenapi until he was an old man, preaching with a success attained by no white missionary.

This famous red man," testified Bishop Sprangenberg, has a marvelous power and the countenance of a Luther.

In the quaint Moravian "God's Acre" at Bethlehem, with its rows of little queer stones sunken flat in the grass, is one gray with lichen marked "Tachooop." Beneath lies the fierce last chief of the Mohicans, so long a favorite hero with the American young people.

Toads.
Toads live upon beetles, bugs, flies, grubs and such small game. They are easily tamed, and will learn to accompany a weeder about the garden and pick up such morsels as squash-bugs, rose-bugs, cut-worms and potato-beetles as are thrown them. A toad has been known to put away within him over a hundred different kinds of bugs and flies and then walk for more. Such service as this surely ought to be recognized, and such a servant accommodated with both board and lodging in the garden. No animal is more inoffensive or minds his own business more closely. This valuable helper may, perhaps, be considered the "jewel" which the toad is said to carry in his head. The toad is one of our valued assistants, and should by all means be encouraged. The common idea that to touch a toad will produce warts upon the hand is unfounded. It is in no way disagreeable except to dogs that desire to try their teeth upon it. In this case an acrid fluid exudes from the skin which is disagreeable to the dog, but not injurious.

Caramita de La Carolina.

A whole band of robbers was very nearly trapped in La Carolina, Spain, by the bravery of a girl of 13, who has become the heroine of the neighborhood. She is the daughter of a farmer named Fuenas, and is called Caramita. The family consists of the husband and wife and daughter. The farmer sold some cattle for \$1,500, and had the money in his house. A band of robbers knew of the sale and the money, and laid their plans to rob the house. After the farmer had gone out with his work people, a couple of strangers approached the house—a man traveling, supporting a woman who seemed unable to walk any further. The man explained to the farmer's wife that he was going to a distant village with his wife, and she, being ill, had broken down on the way. He asked permission for the sick woman to enter the house and rest, while he went to find a conveyance to enable them to continue their journey. The permission was granted, the woman taken in, and the man left. The sick woman partook of some refreshments, and the mother and daughter went on with their work. Very soon Caramita discovered that their guest had on a pair of pantaloons under the gown. She communicated the fact to her mother, who, unobserved by the visitor, and the two managed to slip into another room close and lock the door. The visitor left alone and knowing that his character had been discovered, threw off his disguise and ordered the women to open the door or die. The door was not opened, and the robber began to cut through it with a large knife. At length he hacked a hole big enough for his body, and he began to crawl through it. The woman faintly fell on the floor. The brave girl seized her father's gun, which was in the room, heavily charged with buckshot, placed the muzzle against the side of the man, now half way through the hole, and unable quickly to get either backward or forward, and pulled the trigger. There was an instantly dead man and a loud report. The other robber lurking in the neighborhood heard the shot and returned to the house to find his comrade's dead body plugging the door and hanging there. Before he could remove the body, which was held in the opening by the girl, and enter the room where the mother and daughter were, the farmer came with a force sufficient to capture the other robber. They sent for some police to take charge of the living robber and the corpse. On the person of the dead robber, the police found two pistols, a poniard and a whistle. The whistle was a treasure now, as there were doubtless more robbers within its call. The police sounded the whistle and escorted themselves in the house to await results. The shrill call brought four more men into the house, where they were caged and ironed, and all five were marched to jail in good order, and the dead robber was buried.

Save the Sea Serpent.
"Aboard the Jane Eliza."—A young man protruded his head out of the aperture leading to the cabin of the sloop, "Jane Eliza," in response to the summons, and inquired what was wanted. "Is the captain aboard?" "Yes, the captain was aboard, but he was asleep. Well, he was w-nted. So the young man disappeared beneath the deck, and in a few minutes the commander of the vessel showed himself. He was well along in his years, six-five perhaps, and as he talked, the rain fell on his bald head. He is a Welshman, and has been in this port, off and on, for twenty-five years. His name is Daniel Dolton. Formerly he was in the employ of the Trowbridges; now he has brought a cargo of salt for E. Merwin & Son. It was low tide when he was found, and the deck of the vessel was several feet below the level of the Canal dock.

"How about that sea-serpent? Is it true that you saw the monster of the deep in Long Island Sound?" "Yes, I saw the sea serpent, it was off Greenwich point."

"Wasn't it a seal?" "Don't you suppose I know a seal when I see one? I've been on the water for coming on fifty-one years, and don't I know a seal. Oh, I know the men say there was some apple Jack on board, but we don't see it. I haven't smoked a cigar, or chewed a chew of tobacco, or played a game of cards in my life. But I ain't going to say anything more about it; I am going to give it to my friend Bennett of the New York Herald. I remember him as long ago as when he was on the Courier and Enquirer. Whenever we pilot boat men used to see a boat in the cove, we could tell what she was, and we would go right up to the Herald office and give them the news. We'd get a five-dollar bill for it. A seal! Well, I guess not. Why I've seen water snakes before this; great big ones, too. I was in the English Navy under Admiral Fitzroy, the one who invented the storm signals. We were at Monte Video, in Paraguay, at the time of the war—let's see, it must have been in '34. I was a young man then. Where did I see them? Why in the De La Plata. They were as big around as the leg of a table; nothing like the critter I saw in the Sound last Tuesday. Why they used to come in the night and crawl up the cable, and get on deck. Well, but they wasn't very pleasant visitors, but I never heard as they were venomous; then when I was in the old Dominion service in North Carolina, I saw

The Sea Islands.

Nowhere on the face of the earth is there such a congeries of islands as that which is strung along the coast of the United States from Key West to Charleston. The archipelago of the China Sea or of the Bahamas possibly includes as large a number, but they are scattered over a much larger space. These Sea Islands are all flat, never over ninety feet high, and are composed of a sandy alluvium in some cases, in others of a soil formed of coral abraded to dust, while others again, combine both formations. They are often divided from each other or from the adjoining main-land only by winding deep creeks through which the tide flows. These channels are sometimes so narrow and overgrown with long trailing sedge that one is hardly conscious that the banks represent distinct islands separated by the waters of the ocean. But although their formation would seem adapted to render these islands monotonous and uninteresting, they are really full of attraction, for they are often overgrown in the most enchanting manner by oak forests, groves of palm, and lianas, and the delicious sea-breezes of a semi-tropical climate and the historical legends and associations of the past invest them with a wonderful poetic haze, like the golden vapor which sunset weaves over the roofs and spires of a distant town.

Slumber Song.

Thou little child, with tender, clinging arms,
Drop thy sweet head, my darling, down and rest
Upon my shoulder, rest with all thy charms;
Be soothed and comforted, be loved and blessed.
Against thy silken, honey-colored hair
I lean a loving cheek, a mild caress;
Close, close, I gather thee and kiss thy fair
White eyelids, sleep so softly doth oppress
Dear little face, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where he meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid:
Most like a heavy folded rose thou art.
In summer air reposing, warm and still,
Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart.
I watch thy slumbers, nought shall do thee ill.

Baffled.
It was summer time—that bright season when the flowers wake up and nod their bright faces right in the eye of the sun; when the birds begin to rejoice, and the balmy winds blow back and forth over the earth; and when happy little children all over the land laugh aloud in the sunshine.
But in striking contrast to the glowing beauty all around was the pinched form of a barefooted girl who was walking up the garden path. The farmhouse door stood open. The child gazed with hungry eyes, but when Mrs. Halstead looked up and saw her, she turned to go away.
"Come back, my dear; you look as if you were hungry."
As if fascinated, the child drew near to the kind, motherly speaker.
"Oh, ma'am please say it again."
"Say what? Do you mean 'my dear'?"
"Yes, that's what the pretty lady called the little girl when she came to our house. She said it ever so often, and oh! it sounded so nice!"
"Poor child!" said Mrs. Halstead, pityingly, "did no one ever call you so before? Where do you live?"
"I don't live anywhere now; I ran away from the poor-house, and—oh! I am so hungry!" cried she, as she cast a longing look toward the bountiful table.
The eagerness with which the almost starved child devoured the food set before her brought tears to good Mrs. Halstead's eyes, and a quick thought sprang to her mind.
When the little one had finished eating, she drew her to her arms, and, pushing the tangled hair back from the broad forehead, the kind woman said: "What is your name?"
"Margaret!"
"Margaret, you are alone and unhappy; I have no children; would you like to come and live with me?"
"With you?" the hazel eyes grew lustrous with a glad light. "Oh, may I?"
"Yes, if you wish. I had a little girl once, but she was taken away, and her father has always wanted me to adopt one in her place. So, if you will be a good child, you shall stay."
Little Margaret nestled close to Mrs. Halstead and looked up, her beautiful eyes full of the gratitude she could not express. When Margaret was dressed in the garments her little girl had worn, Mrs. Halstead led her to her husband, who was approaching the house. All was quickly explained, and the old farmer said heartily:
"Perhaps the Lord has sent her, wife, to make up for little Bessie."
And thus it came to pass that the little waif that came to the farm-house that summer day became known as sweet Margaret Halstead, the fairest maiden in all the country round.
Years passed, and each one brought more trouble to good Farmer Halstead; and one afternoon, as his wife met him at the door, she noticed with alarm his white, pained face. Coming in, he sunk wearily into his chair.
"It is no use, wife, the farm must go. Downey has lent all the money he can spare, and there is no other friend who can help me."
Tears sprang to his wife's eyes. It was hard to think of giving up the old home, but she said:
"Dear husband, don't despair. God's ways are not our ways."
Just then a light form bounded into the room. It was Margaret, tall and graceful, her cheeks glowing, her eyes great luminous wells of hazel light; out of their depths beamed forth the pure maiden soul, which could stoop to no mean act, and was strong to do and dare for those she loved.
"Why, father, mother, what is it?" he asked, as she saw their emotion. All was soon told.
That evening Margaret sat very silently by the window, looking sadly out on the familiar scene she feared she must leave before long, when a tap on the door broke the silence. It was opened by Mrs. Halstead, and a tall, fashionably-dressed young man entered the room.
A flush tinged Margaret's fair cheek with a deeper rose as she acknowledged his bow. His errand was soon told.
"I have heard, he said to Mr. Halstead, that you wished to borrow a certain sum to-day and failed, and having an amount of money I want to invest, I have concluded to offer you the loan of it for two years."

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